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JULY / AUGUST 2023

THE MOVERS & SHAKERS ISSUE

CLUB KINGS
HOW THE DRAI'S GROUP TRANSFORMED NIGHTLIFE

COUNTRY REBEL
JELLY ROLL'S SWEET SUCCESS

SOMMERS TIME
ANGELA SOMMERS TURNS UP THE HEAT

with
MIA VENTURA
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PENTHOUSE GLOBAL MEDIA INC.

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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PLAYING it safe is overrated. Sure, not rocking the boat leads to smoother sailing. But that also translates into a boring journey, and here at *Penthouse*, we think life is too short to settle. That's why we're shining a spotlight on some dynamic talents in our Movers & Shakers issue.

"Son of a Sinner" singer Jelly Roll has disrupted the country scene. The onetime rapper became a stunning success after switching genres and steadily building an online audience. But the tattooed renegade's soulful hits have established him as one of Nashville's greats. Turn to page 18 to read more about his inspiring story—and his romance with fellow rebel Bunnie XO.

Angela Sommers joined the Penthouse family as May 2012's Pet of the Month, and the gorgeous gal reigned as 2013's Pet of the Year Runner-Up. We're catching up with this mistress of reinvention about her careers past and present—and her exciting plans for the future (page 20).

This issue, we also go on the road with Penthouse Pet Cherie Noel (page 48). The hazel-eyed hottie explored the South of France, traveled down the coast of Italy and soaked up the sun and nightlife in Greece—and shares all the details with *Penthouse*.

Nightlife impresario Victor Drai has transformed the Las Vegas club scene—and son Dustin is taking the reins of his father's flourishing Drai's Group dynasty. Together, these kings of the industry have established a reputation for excellence, and their business will no doubt rule for many more decades to come. Turn to page 28 to read about their incredible accomplishments.

In addition to our thought-provoking articles, this issue also has some amazing pictorials of the world's most gorgeous women. Former flight attendant Mia Ventura is our July Pet of the Month (page 54), and it's easy to see why she makes hearts take flight. Sporty Nicolle Snow is our August Pet of the Month (page 76), and this blonde beauty proves she's game for anything. Cyber Cutie Adela Gilbert (page 8) shares her lust for life and her beautiful bod, and tattooed temptress Hien Honey Bee shows why she's our buzzy Social Premier (page 38).

Enjoy!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

Fai del bene e il bene tornerà da te

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers’ fantasies for your enjoyment

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OFF THE CHAIN

ADELA GILBERT

Adela Gilbert

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ADELA GILBERT

BOLD brunette Adela Gilbert is a natural in front of the camera, which made her the perfect selection for this issue's Cyber Cutie. The Russian-born camgirl has a lust for life, and her passion comes through in her sizzling online shows and her sensual photographs.

With her long legs and smoldering brown eyes, Adela is absolutely enthralling. The talented stunner can bring on the drama just as easily as she can portray the captivating coquette, and there's no limit to the roles she can play.

Ambitious Adela has designs on visiting every country across the globe in her quest to live life to the fullest. But even when this babe is on her home turf, she's equally happy to explore the world of pleasure.

The dynamic performer confides she fantasizes "a lot" and isn't afraid to let her imagination guide her, and we must admit we'd let her lead us anywhere!

What are some of your hobbies?
I love to read detective stories and novels. I also like to draw, sew and play chess.

What qualities do you appreciate in other people?
I value honesty, support and loyalty in friends and lovers. But when it comes to a romantic partner, I can easily fall for someone with great charisma.

If you could have any job, what would you choose?
It would be really cool to be the president of a country. Sure, it's a lot of responsibility, but I think I could do a lot of good.

What was the most daring place you've ever had sex?
That would have to be the fitting room of a clothing store. I pretended I was slipping into clothes when my boyfriend was slipping into me!

AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-24-35
NATIVE COUNTRY: Russia
TWITTER: @adelagilbertf4f
INSTAGRAM: @adelagilbertf4f

TEASE ME
NICE TITS
CUM BABY
NICE PEEPS
FLASH ME

JELLY ROLL'S SWEET SUCCESS

THE COUNTRY REBEL HAS TAKEN NASHVILLE BY STORM WITH HIS SOULFUL VOICE AND HEARTFELT HITS—AND PROUD WIFE BUNNIE XO BY HIS SIDE

NASHVILLE native Jelly Roll has lived a life like a country song. With a face full of tattoos—and more than a few extra pounds—the 38-year-old singer/songwriter doesn't look like artists who typically play the Grand Ole Opry. However, the talented underdog did just that in 2021—but his road to the famed stage was a rocky one.

Jelly Roll, whose real name is Jason DeFord, has been up-front about his past—and his demons, including struggles with anxiety and addiction. During his teens and early 20s, he was in and out of jail following arrests for armed robbery and drug possession with intent to distribute.

"In the beginning, I did a lot of drugs. I drank a lot of codeine, a lot of cough syrup," he admits. "I took a lot of Xanax, did a lot of cocaine, just really took it overboard."

Jelly Roll has since turned his life around—big-time. He's also mined his personal pain and told his story of evolution and heartache via music on 2021's *Ballads of the Broken*. The record includes the breakout hit "Son of a Sinner," which reached No. 1 on the Billboard Country Radio and Country Aircheck charts and earned him three 2023 CMT Music Awards for Male Video of the Year, Male Breakthrough Video of the Year, and Digital-First Performance of the Year.

While the self-reflective record brought him phenomenal fame, its evocative power speaks to fans—and proves he's country to the core.

"This album is the truth. It's my truth. I put my blood, sweat and tears into this, and I hope y'all can hear my heart," he says. "Pain is an international language—everybody shares it to some degree. Being out on the road and meeting fans, I've learned that the more open you are in talking about it, the more people can relate to it."

Jelly Roll first tried his musical hand at hip-hop, selling his own mixtapes out of the trunk of his car. His genre-bending career has encapsulated rap, rock and country, and as it's progressed, he's developed his own unique sound. It's that sound—and his skills as a storyteller—which helped him build an online audience and grab the attention of music industry superstars—including singers Willie Nelson, Craig Morgan and Lainey Wilson.

"I was joking with someone the other day, and they said, 'You dress like someone who's been exposed to four different things,'" Jelly Roll says. "And I am—my sister listened to The Offspring and Sublime and Chris Cornell. My brother played Tupac and Too $short, and [my mother] played outlaw country. To this day, I dress like a rocker, wear jewelry and a hat like a rapper, and boots like a country guy."

Jelly Roll is also clearly a man who's never forgotten his roots. When the bighearted star sold out his first headlining show at Nashville's Bridgestone Arena, he didn't just rock the house for the hometown crowd. He also committed about $250,000 from its ticket sales to initiatives aiding the city's incarcerated and underserved youth—including a recording studio to help kids learn a trade inside Davidson County Juvenile Detention Center, where Jelly Roll once did time himself.

"Nashville is a town that people come and take from," he explains. "They come, and they party. They make the best memory of their life right here on Broadway. They come, and they chase their dreams. They join the medical field. They become big musicians in the music industry and make millions of dollars. But they never give back."

He adds, "As a local kid, I felt like it was important to start addressing the problem hands-on, at a community level."

The compassionate crooner is also giving second chances to ex-cons who've paid their debts to society with his Rolling with Jelly Food Truck.

"Our mission statement was: We only hire second-chance guys," he says. "Every other place in the world is like, 'If you got a felony, you can't work here.' We're only hiring felons. They run the food truck and come out on tour with us some nights."

Amid Jelly Roll's personal epiphanies and meteoric rise, he's had a constant companion—his beautiful wife, Bunnie DeFord. He first met the stunning smokeshow after one of his early Las Vegas gigs and credits her with changing his life in "every way possible" since they got hitched in 2016.

Mrs. DeFord—also known as Bunnie XO—is a straight-shooter like her husband, who doesn't shy away from her past as a high-end escort and has also undergone a positive transformation herself. The business-smart beauty, 42, now runs her own entertainment empire, which includes her Dumb Blonde podcast. She jokingly refers to herself as the "degenerate love child of Dolly Parton and Dr. Ruth" and "the trailer park Barbara Walters."

On the pair's wedding anniversary in 2022, Jelly Roll gushed about his gal: "She truly changed the lens in which I see life through. These last six years have been a testament of the growth two rebels can make when they bring the best out of each other and push each other to the next level."

Jelly Roll also praised his spouse for "standing by me when the monsters attacked and fighting the demons with me"—and for being a devoted mom to 14-year-old Bailee Ann, his daughter who was born to an ex while he was behind bars.

For her part, Bunnie credits her hubby with helping her refocus her vision and become the "best version" of herself. But she's also Jelly Roll's biggest supporter and calls him a "game-changer," who's blazing the trail for the have-nots—and the duo has quickly become one of country's most dynamic couples.

"Somebody asked me what's the secret to our marriage," says Jelly Roll. "I didn't even have to think about [it]. It's simple—we are comfortable having uncomfortable conversations, we prioritize communication, we have learned to laugh at the small shit—and above everything we don't take anything too seriously."

What's next for Jelly Roll? In addition to his new album *Whitsitt Chapel*—his full-length country debut, which includes the fan favorite anthem "Save Me" as a duet with Wilson—he also plans to soon release rock and rap records. In addition, he's slated to kick off his 44-city Backroad Baptism Tour on July 28—but even if he wasn't on the road, it's clear Jelly Roll is going places.

To learn more about Jelly Roll's music—and his current concert schedule—visit jellyroll615.com, and to keep up with Bunnie XO, check her out on Instagram @xomgitsbunnie.

CREDIT: GETTY IMAGES

SIZZLING SOMMERS

PENTHOUSE PET ANGELA SOMMERS IS HOTTER THAN EVER!

STUNNING Angela Sommers first graced the pages of our magazine as May 2012's Penthouse Pet and reigned as 2013's Pet of the Year Runner-Up—and in the years that have passed since then, she's only grown more gorgeous!

These days, Angela has a jam-packed schedule as she juggles work as a model, content creator and feature entertainer and attends nursing school. But the busy beauty took the time to chat with *Penthouse* about her past and present—and her promising future.

Angela has shot plenty of solo pictorials and girl/girl content—including her Penthouse movies with fellow Pets Layla Sin and Emily Addison—and explored the fetish industry, posing for photos and performing in videos related to bondage, superheroine cosplay, wrestling and more.

Though the native New Yorker scaled back her mainstream adult video work, she continued shooting glamorous fetish content, and the in-demand dancer ramped up her schedule as a feature entertainer at gentlemen's clubs. She says of her full-blown featuring days, "I did it for years and enjoyed myself." She adds, "I still do—but I slowed down about three years ago to start college."

Angela pursued her studies part-time while continuing to work, but since entering a nursing

program, her education has been her primary focus.

"I've just been really grateful that my fans have not completely left me as I've slowed down because of school," she says. "When I started posting about it, people were like, 'Are you leaving the industry?' But I made it clear I wasn't."

Angela adds, "The clubs have been so kind, too. So many great clubs are like, 'Don't worry about it. We don't mind. We'll work around your school schedule.' A lot of people did that for me, and I'm thankful."

She still hits the road when her schooling allows, such as the summer break between semesters, and regularly shares her club schedule on her Instagram account @officialangelasommers.

The showstopper enjoys how featuring allows her to express her creative side by crafting her own costumes and mixing her own music, but reveals she's also drawn to it because, "I feel like I'm a natural performer. That's just in my blood."

She shares, "I was a belly dancer recreationally for a couple of years. I love body movement, I love dance, and I love performance. It makes me very, very happy. I feel very natural onstage. I just like making people feel something. Whether I'm making them smile, making them happy or making them turned on."

The devoted student, who's recently begun her clinical rotations, expects to have her

GO-GO-GETTERS: A PEEK AT COMPETITIVE POLE DANCING
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COVER GIRL ANGELA SOMMERS
VA-VA-VROOM
10 CARS THAT GET A PET'S MOTOR RUNNING
BLOOD, GUTS, AND MUD
ARE OBSTACLE-COURSE RACES THE FUTURE OF FITNESS?
COUNTRY FIRST
TOBY KEITH TALKS UP THE USO
FRENCH CONNECTION
SOCCER STAR THIERRY HENRY

> “It gives me pleasure to create photos and videos. I like creating erotic art.”

nursing degree by 2025.

“I really enjoy working at the hospital,” she says. “It’s very difficult, but that’s because I’m new. I’m sure I’ll get used to it, and it’ll get easier. But I do like working with people. I get gratification from working with people who are sick, so I think that’s where I belong.”

Even so, Angela doesn’t see herself leaving behind feature dancing or her own online content creation any time soon.

“If people still want to see you, then why would you stop?” she reasons.

Angela says she most enjoys shooting damsel-in-distress bondage and cheesecake-style pinup content—featuring very high pointed heels, corsets, leather and brightly colored clothing.

She recalls her Pet of the Year Runner-Up shoot was “absolutely beautiful.”

She remembers, “It was like a Hollywood movie theater kind of thing with popcorn and the old camera roll. It was a really cool, old glamour Hollywood style, which I really enjoyed. They really went all out. It was really nice.”

When it comes to making her own imagery versus shooting with someone else, Angela says she appreciates being able to put her own personal mark on the entire process.

“It’s nice having creative control. I can shoot whatever I want and how I want it. And I can edit it the way I want and produce an image that I feel suits me best and portrays me the best way,” she says.

“I’m kind of a one-stop shop. I do everything myself. I shoot it. I edit it. I love doing that. I love making my costumes, too. It just gives me pleasure to create both photos and videos. I like creating erotic art.”

INSTAGRAM: @officialangelasommers

What are your plans tonight?
PENTHOUSE
CAMS

KINGS OF LAS VEGAS

NIGHTCLUB IMPRESARIO VICTOR DRAI HAS TRANSFORMED SIN CITY ENTERTAINMENT, AND SAVVY SON DUSTIN IS HONORING HIS FATHER'S DYNASTY, WHILE STEERING IT TOWARD A BRIGHT NEW FUTURE

Drai's
LAS VEGAS

CREDIT: PATRICK GRAY / KABIK PHOTO

While thinking about his 25-plus years in the Las Vegas nightclub industry, Victor Drai can't help but smile.

"It has been a dream, and it's been a lot of fun," he says.

After a multi-decade career in fashion and entertainment—and producing films like cult classics *Weekend at Bernie's* and *The Woman in Red*—he opened Drai's Restaurant in the early '90s in Beverly Hills. In 1997, on the cusp of his 50th birthday, he brought that magic to Las Vegas and ushered in an entirely new chapter of the city's history in the most unlikely place—a former McDonald's in the Barbary Coast.

"I was approached about opening a restaurant in Las Vegas. I came in for a fight, and I went to check out the space," Victor recalls. "When I'm walking through the casino, I can smell the French fries, and then I had to take an escalator down to a McDonald's."

Unfazed by the current tenant, he saw incredible potential.

"Everybody thought I was totally crazy. Barbary Coast was the worst hotel on the Strip. We replaced a McDonald's with a very high-end restaurant, and people thought I had totally lost my mind," he says. "It was one of the most successful McDonald's in the world, but they wanted to change the image of the hotel. They paid them a half-million dollars to leave. The rest is history."

In 1999, Drai's evolved into Drai's After Hours. It changed the game—and not only as one of the first nightclubs in a casino. The revolutionary venue brought house music and bottle service, and for legions of discerning Vegas visitors, it has also delivered incredible memories. While continuing to operate his own successful establishment, Victor then opened Tryst and XS at Wynn Las Vegas as co-owner.

Throughout these years, Victor's son, Dustin, has always been by his side.

"We are very close. I separated from his mom when he was very young, so he spent half of his time with me," Victor says.

Growing up the son of Victor Drai was as glamorous as it sounds but also kind of normal.

"In my mind, he was a regular dad, but he was over the top. I grew up in L.A., but from the age of five years old—when my dad first opened Drai's in Vegas—I was coming out all the time," Dustin says. "We would go to the Orleans and see movies, and I remember the pirate show at Treasure Island. It never really kind of had that, 'Oh wow, this is Vegas' effect. It was just like, 'Oh, that's where dad works.' I would go to Drai's restaurant, and I'd sit there with the hostess, pick up the phone and take reservations. My dad never looked at me as a kid. He was always bringing me along and looking to me for input. And he was so proud to have me as a son. Even if he had a day full of meetings from 10 in the morning until 10 at night, I was there with him. He made sure that when I was around, I was his main focus."

Dustin moved to Dallas to attend Southern Methodist University (SMU) in 2012—the same year Victor signed the deal to operate a new club atop The Cromwell, which was taking the place of Bill's Gamblin' Hall & Saloon—the Barbary Coast's replacement. On breaks from college, Dustin kept up with its progress.

With the opening of The Cromwell, Drai's went from the basement to the crown jewel with the 70,000-square-foot Drai's Beachclub Nightclub, which is 11 stories above the Las Vegas Strip.

Discussing his May 2016 graduation from SMU, Dustin explains, "My dad left school when he was in eighth grade, so graduating college was a big thing in my family. I was the first one to graduate college—and within two days, I was out in Vegas."

When Dustin arrived for his first day of work at Drai's Beachclub Nightclub, he began his crash course training. That summer, he worked every job possible at the business.

"I was learning the ins and outs of everything, how to open and how to close the venue, how to do the reports, how to run the point of sale system, all of that," he says.

CREDIT: PATRICK GRAY / KABIK PHOTO

While Dustin was getting his feet wet, Victor took notice of a bigger paradigm shift within the industry. He always believed the club should be the star of the night, but the tremendous new space was becoming difficult to fill on looks alone. Drai's competitors up and down the boulevard were spending top dollar on DJs—something Victor was reluctant to do.

"You have to evaluate, and you have to move with the times and with what's going on. In my career, I've moved from fashion to movies to nightclubs. I was used to paying my DJ $500 and they stay in the back of the room, and I tell him what to play," Victor says. "This all changed."

It was then that the king of "After Hours" house turned to hip-hop. For a businessman who says he doesn't like to look forward or backward, Victor has done a pretty good job of predicting the trends.

The idea came up to book full-length concerts from hip-hop stars with the production value to match. "Make a real show," Victor says.

Dustin shares, "The first live residency was The Weeknd back in 2015. We built a venue that is great for concerts without knowing it. You're able to watch your favorite artists in this intimate nightclub setting, while still getting the full production of a concert. It just got better, and it evolved over, you know, eight years into what we do today."

Drai's Beachclub Nightclub transformed into a live concert destination for today's biggest hip-hop and R&B stars. At a pivotal time in 2019, Dustin took on the role of vice president of marketing and entertainment for Drai's Group, learning the entire universe of how to book and liaise with artists, as well handle as contracts, negotiations and deals.

Throughout this summer, Drai's will host Meek Mill, Wiz Khalifa, Rick Ross, Big Sean, Lil Baby, Ne-Yo, 2 Chainz and more as resident artists.

Dustin, along with Brian Affronti and Philip Loomis, work as a team to run all Drai's Group venues.

Victor created the places where we all want to party, but he also created an industry. He has worked with many of the same people for years, and they, too, have become family. Affronti has been part of the Drai's team for more than 15 years, dating back to Tryst at Wynn, and has known Dustin for more than half his life.

"Brian has watched me grow up, and now we are partners, running this business," says Dustin, who adds Victor isn't retiring anytime soon!

"The relationship between him and I as father and son is really strong. But now, he and I, as business partners, have blossomed into a symbiotic relationship where he trusts me enough to run the day-to-day operations," Dustin says.

"He was telling someone the other day, 'I get bored, I show up to the office and Dustin's taken over my office, and he has all these meetings, and I'm just kind of sitting there like, "OK, well, things are running smoothly." And there's not really much for me to do.'

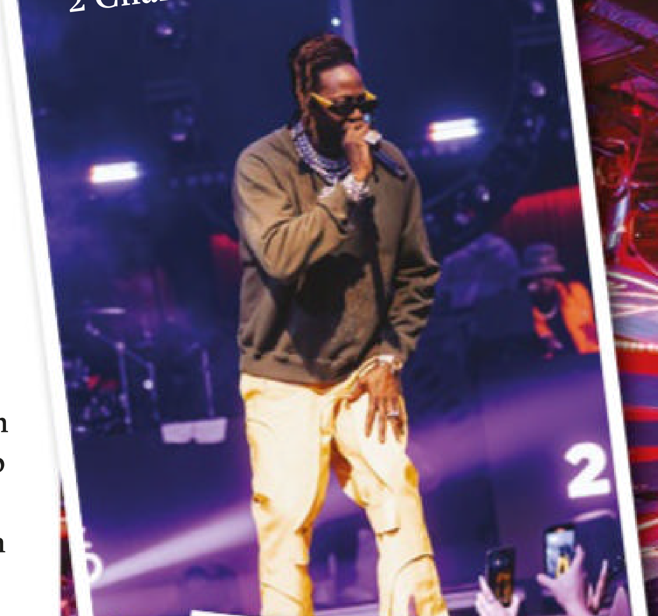
"He's involved in every major decision and all the big picture things, and we talk every single day. But when it comes to all the minute details of running the actual business and the day-to-day operations, he tells people, 'I'm no longer Victor Drai. I'm Dustin's dad.' Where we're at now, I feel like is the most that he'll ever retire. He's able to enjoy his life the way he wants to enjoy it and not have to really stress, but still he enjoys working."

Victor says, "Dustin knows me so well, better than anybody in the world. Better than myself almost. He knows when I am mad; he knows when I am good. He knows what my reaction will be. So that helped in a huge way to work together because he knows how I will react. Maybe I'm not going to be happy with it, or I'm not going to agree with him. He'll approach me in a different way than anybody else. Many times he's right, and I'm wrong."

When the decisions get tough, Victor imparts some simple advice: "I say go for it, and see what happens. All my life, I've only worked on my instinct and my belief. If you do something from your heart and you fail, you're OK with it. It's not a big deal. You learn from it, and you move on."

Dustin says, "It means that I have to work harder than everybody else. And I have to put in more time and more effort. And the biggest thing that I always told myself is that I don't want anybody to think: That's Victor's son. I want people to think: That's Dustin Drai. He works hard.

2 Chainz at Drai's Nightclub



Big Sean at Drai's Nightclub

2 CHAINZ
CHAINZ
2 CHAINZ

2 Chainz at Drai's Nightclub

Drai's

Rick Ross at Drai's Beachclub

Gucci Mane at Drai's Beachclub

CREDIT: PATRICK GRAY / KABIK PHOTO

Welcome to
DRA
Bea

CREDIT: DRAI'S GROUP LAS VEGAS

BIG SEA
Drai's

Big Sean at Drai's Nightclub

"The best business advice my dad has given me is never be content, always continue to try and to continue to improve. So if something's successful, how can you make it better? What changes need to be made? And don't be afraid to make them.

"My dad has lived many lives. He was always reinventing himself over and over and was never afraid to take risks within his life to improve."

What's next for Drai's? After almost a decade, the father and son are entertaining the idea of expanding into other markets.

"I think for us, everything needs to be right—the deal, the city, the partnership, the venue, the timing," Dustin says. "In Vegas, we still have to run three venues. I'm super eager to expand—almost to the point where I'll take a bad deal just because I want to expand. That's kind of where the relationship between my dad and I is really helpful. He says, 'No, that is a shitty deal. Don't take that deal. We'll find another one.'

"The right deal will come eventually. The brand is our name. I think there's a bright future for it outside of Vegas. We're continuing to improve in our city, and we're so confident in the brand that we know it could be successful globally. We are excited to see what the future holds for the Drai's name."

"YOU HAVE TO EVALUATE, AND YOU HAVE TO MOVE WITH THE TIMES AND WITH WHAT'S GOING ON," SAYS VICTOR DRAI.

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BUZZ WORTHY

HIEN HONEY BEE

PHOTOGRAPHER
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HIEN HONEY BEE

FREE-SPIRITED Hien Honey Bee has created plenty of buzz! This issue's intriguing Social Premier has hundreds of thousands of online followers, and even without her many gorgeous tattoos, this fit and fabulous woman would be a work of art. The worldly beauty is Canadian-born but 100 percent Vietnamese and is fond of traveling to international destinations.

Bubbly Hien is just five feet tall, but she has a big personality—and isn't afraid to take chances. She tells *Penthouse*, "I once joined a gym to compete in bikini fitness. I had never worked out before. To my surprise, I did well. I was the Canadian bikini champion for 2014 and 2015. My last show was in 2015, when I represented Team Canada. I won my class, making me an international-level bikini champion and competitor. To this day, I still have stage fright, so that was a daring experience for me!"

Read on to learn more about Hien Honey Bee—and discover why we're so sweet on her!

FAST FACTS

- Languages spoken: Vietnamese and English
- Pet peeve: "When people say they'll do something, but do not keep to their word."
- Favorite food and drinks: "Vietnamese food, bubble tea, spicy margaritas and espresso martinis."
- When she's happiest: "I am the happiest at mealtime. I just love to eat."
- What she collects: Tattoos, shoes and purses.
- Hidden skill: "I can eat a lot, and I can out-eat most grown men."
- Ideal vacation spot: Saint Martin

AGE: 32
HEIGHT: 5'0"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-23-36
HOMETOWN: Toronto, Canada
TWITTER: @iamhienhoneybee
INSTAGRAM: @iamhienhoneybee

Hien Honey Bee

SEAS THE DAY

CHERIE NOEL'S MEDITERRANEAN SUMMER

SIZZLING Cherie Noel is the ultimate summer babe—and the stunning blonde tells *Penthouse* she loves to spend the season around the Mediterranean, enjoying the area's wonderful weather and warm waters. And our August 2021 Pet of the Month did exactly that last July. She explored the South of France, traveled down the coast of Italy and soaked up the sun and nightlife in Greece.

This issue, we're catching up with Cherie and hearing all about her European adventure.

"France has many amazing beaches, and Saint-Tropez is one of my favorites," says the native of New York state.

"I started my trip by taking a boat out around the coast of the South of France."

The next day, Cherie visited the famed beach club Bagatelle.

"There you can relax at the beach or join the day party for lunch, where food is served before the evening's party gets underway. There's table-dancing, champagne showers and a bottle service show. It's like no other place I've been," candid Cherie confides.

The jet-setter spent a few days wandering the costal destination's Old Town.

"I visited the Dior Cafe for lunch and finished my last evening in Saint-Tropez at one of my favorite restaurants, L'Opéra," she shares.

Next, Cherie flew to Italy, landing in Rome and driving a few hours south to Naples, where she briefly stopped for Sorbillo Esterina's famous calzone. Then she continued on to Positano, a cliffside village on the country's Amalfi Coast, which overlooks the turquoise waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

"To me, Positano is one of the most romantic places to visit," she sighs. "My first day was spent out on the water, taking a boat around the island of Capri. It's a beautiful island right by Positano, and it's known for its scenic rock formations. When sailing through the archway of the one called Faraglioni de Mezzo, you're supposed to make a wish and share a kiss with your sweetheart for luck.

"The next few days, I spent my time at the beach. Positano has a beautiful cove, which is perfect for taking a dip in the ocean."

The hazel-eyed hottie also visited La Scogliera, a beach club near the coast. "It's the perfect place to rent a chair, sunbathe and enjoy the relaxing view with a few drinks," says Cherie. "I spent my last day in Italy driving back to Rome and exploring the city before heading to Greece."

The avid traveler's final destination was Mykonos, where she enjoyed the Greek island's member-only Soho House location.

"I'm not a member, but I was lucky enough to travel with someone who is. I have to say Mykonos is the best one I've visited. It's also within walking distance of Scorpios. The food there was my favorite on the island—with Interni Resturant coming in a close second," says Cherie.

"Besides the food, it has the best beach to lounge on during the day, and at night it becomes one of the best places to party. It's definitely a spot you need to visit no matter the time of day." ●

INSTAGRAM: **@cherienoel**

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LAP OF LUXURY

MIA VENTURA

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

“I LOVE TO SLEEP NAKED.”

– MIA VENTURA

MIA VENTURA

MESMERIZING Mia Ventura worked as a flight attendant for an international airline and was a first-class stewardess before her modeling career took off—but now the sky's the limit for our July Pet of the Month!

The charismatic cutie no longer makes her living in the air, but she still loves to travel. The busty brunette admits she's happiest when she's trying new things and creating special memories in interesting locales. Mia has gone skydiving in Cancun and had sex on the rooftop of a hotel in Mexico. However, her favorite vacation spots are Bora Bora and the Maldives, though she also has her sights set on one day visiting Japan and Australia. But no matter where she lands, this beauty is sure to find herself surrounded by adoring fans.

Describe your ideal partner.
Someone with a good sense of humor, who's also smart, motivated and fit.

What are the sexiest qualities a person can possess?
A good personality and a ravenous sexual appetite.

What do you like most about yourself?
My authenticity, my curiosity and my mental fortitude.

What do you like to do in your spare time?
I enjoy going to the beach and working on my tan. I also like roller-skating, skiing, ice-skating, dancing and hanging out with friends.

Who is your celebrity crush?
Megan Fox.

What's your hidden talent?
I have a beautiful voice, and I know how to sing.

How do you get ready for a nude photo shoot?
I take a long, hot shower and put on my nicest perfume—because that's the only thing I'll be wearing!

What gets you in trouble?
My mouth—especially when I don't have a sexual filter on.●

AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 36DD-25-34
HOME COUNTRY: Israel
INSTAGRAM: @therealmia55
WEBSITE: @Mia-Ventura.com

Mia Ventura

TO SEE MORE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF

MIA VENTURA

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BATTLE AGAINST TIME

OUR NATION'S WORLD WAR II HEROES ARE RAPIDLY VANISHING—BUT AMERICAN VETERANS CENTER IS MAKING SURE THEIR STORIES DON'T DIE WITH THEM

CHAOS, smoke and fire turned an island paradise into hell on Earth when hundreds of aircraft from the Imperial Japanese Navy rained bombs down on the United States Naval base at Pearl Harbor in Oahu, Hawaii, on Dec. 7, 1941. Enemy soldiers targeted hangars and parked aircraft on the territory's airfields and launched torpedoes against warships moored in the harbor.

During the first five minutes of the relentless assault, four battleships were hit—including the USS Oklahoma and the USS Arizona. A 1,760-pound bomb hit the Arizona's gunpowder stores—and when it exploded, so did the doomed ship. The blast was so intense it briefly lifted the craft out of the water and gutted the forward decks. A massive fireball blew upward and engulfed its damaged masts. The bow was split from the rest of the cratered hull. Within nine minutes, the once grand ship began to slowly sink and would ultimately entomb more than 900 of its crew. In total, the Arizona lost 1,177 sailors—accounting for nearly half of the American casualties during the sneak attack, which devastated the U.S. Pacific fleet and dragged the formerly neutral nation into World War II.

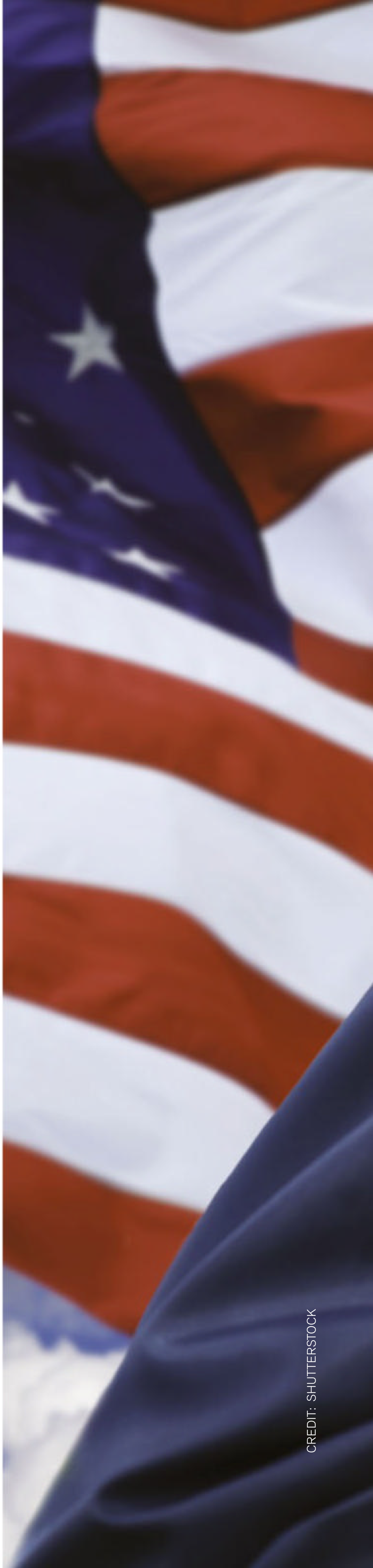
Just 334 servicemembers assigned to the Arizona survived—including 20-year-old U.S. Navy coxswain Howard "Ken" Potts. He was working as a crane operator and tasked with shuttling supplies to the battleship—but he was ashore when the Japanese began their assault. After racing to the scene, Potts helped rescue injured men from the oily harbor, which was ablaze, and later recovered some of the dead from their watery graves.

But Potts, like so many of his fellow heroes from the Greatest Generation, recently passed away—breathing his last in April, six days after his 102nd birthday. His death leaves only one remaining survivor from the Arizona: 101-year-old Lou Conter.

The fact that America's WWII veterans are fading fast is no surprise. After all, the U.S. entered the war more than 80 years ago, which means the men and women who fought and won the historic conflict are now in their 90s—or older. According to U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs statistics, in 2022 only 167,284 of the 16 million Americans who served in WWII were still alive—and their numbers are dwindling daily. As these aging veterans disappear, their memories of the war's triumphs and terrors threaten to vanish with them. But the American Veterans Center (AVC) is honoring their sacrifices, documenting their stories and preserving their legacy for future generations.

In 2020, Potts shared his memories with AVC.

"When I got back to Pearl Harbor, the whole harbor was afire. Oil that leaked out [from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THANK YOU
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“AMERICA’S WWII VETERANS ARE FADING FAST.”

the damaged battleships] caught on fire and was burning,” he recalled.

Potts took a boat back to the Arizona and said he and others “picked people out of the water on the way” toward the flaming vessel.

He said when the onboard ammunitions exploded, that “basically blew the ship in half” and “that’s when it started to sink.”

Potts revealed, “That’s when they got on the loudspeaker and said to abandon ship.”

In the days following the attack, young Potts joined a diving crew to recover whatever corpses could be reached from the wreckage of the Arizona, which sank entirely by Dec. 10, 1941. He called it “the worst job I ever had.”

He also confessed, “Even after I got out of the Navy, out in the open, and heard a siren, I’d shake.”

Potts is just one of thousands of former veterans—from WWII and beyond—whose stories have been documented by AVC since it was founded in 1995. Dramatic oral histories telling the real-life tales of horror and heroism are available on the nonprofit’s YouTube channel, and written stories—submitted by former military members themselves or by their families—can be found at the Home of the Brave section of americanveteranscenter.org.

In addition, AVC provides all of its video and audio interviews to the Library of Congress’ Veterans History Project for use by researchers. The organization also produces a variety of multimedia content, including documentaries and television specials, such as *American Valor: A Salute to Our Heroes*. AVC has called the Emmy-winning franchise an annual Veterans Day television tradition, which recounts the legends and heroes of the last 75 years of American military history.

AVC is also behind our nation’s largest Memorial Day event in Washington, D.C., a parade which draws an astounding 300,000 in-person spectators. This year as NASA prepares to return to the moon after more than five decades, the parade enlisted three former American astronauts—and veterans—as grand marshals: Russell “Rusty” Schweickart, lunar module pilot on Apollo 9, Charlie Duke, lunar module pilot on Apollo 16, and Harrison “Jack” Schmitt, lunar module pilot on Apollo 17. Duke and Schmitt are two of the four still living men to have walked on the moon, with Schmitt having been the very last to set foot on its surface.

Podcasts, magazines and more also reflect the AVC’s dedication to honoring our country’s servicemembers.

The USS Arizona Memorial was formally dedicated on May 30, 1962. The museum and monument is accessible only by boat and straddles the sunken hull of the battleship without touching it. Over 40 late survivors chose to have their ashes interred at the site to join their fallen brothers. The urns of the deceased were placed by divers in the well of the submerged barbette on gun turret No. 4. More than 2 million people visit the location annually. The physical monument to the Arizona’s crew will remain for generations—but AVC is ensuring the memories of our WWII vets will also stand as a fitting tribute to their personal accomplishments and sacrifices.

To learn more about American Veterans Center—and the stories of past military heroes of all generations—visit www.americanveteranscenter.org.

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NICOLLE SNOW

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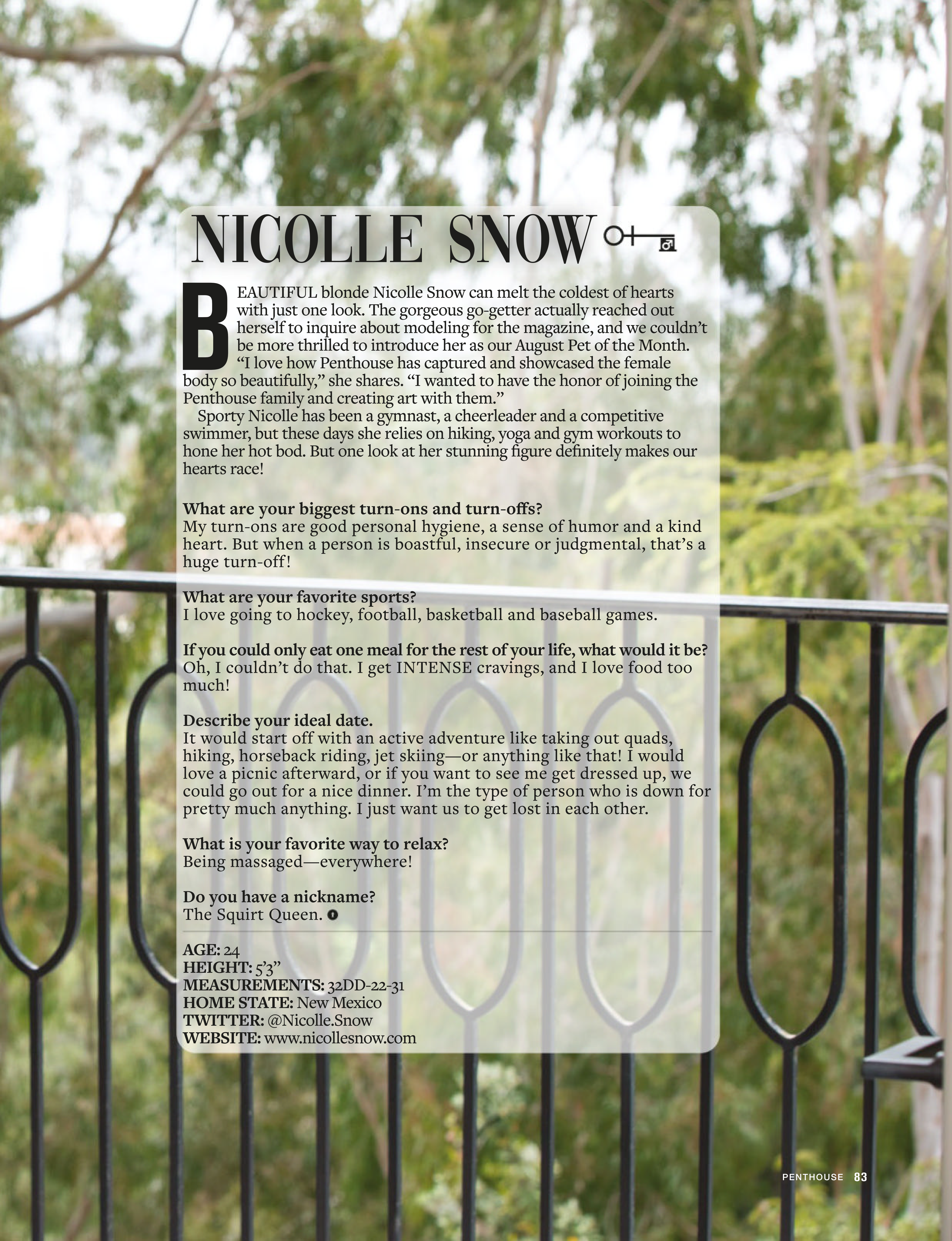

NICOLLE SNOW

BEAUTIFUL blonde Nicolle Snow can melt the coldest of hearts with just one look. The gorgeous go-getter actually reached out herself to inquire about modeling for the magazine, and we couldn't be more thrilled to introduce her as our August Pet of the Month. "I love how Penthouse has captured and showcased the female body so beautifully," she shares. "I wanted to have the honor of joining the Penthouse family and creating art with them."

Sporty Nicolle has been a gymnast, a cheerleader and a competitive swimmer, but these days she relies on hiking, yoga and gym workouts to hone her hot bod. But one look at her stunning figure definitely makes our hearts race!

What are your biggest turn-ons and turn-offs?
My turn-ons are good personal hygiene, a sense of humor and a kind heart. But when a person is boastful, insecure or judgmental, that's a huge turn-off!

What are your favorite sports?
I love going to hockey, football, basketball and baseball games.

If you could only eat one meal for the rest of your life, what would it be?
Oh, I couldn't do that. I get INTENSE cravings, and I love food too much!

Describe your ideal date.
It would start off with an active adventure like taking out quads, hiking, horseback riding, jet skiing—or anything like that! I would love a picnic afterward, or if you want to see me get dressed up, we could go out for a nice dinner. I'm the type of person who is down for pretty much anything. I just want us to get lost in each other.

What is your favorite way to relax?
Being massaged—everywhere!

Do you have a nickname?
The Squirt Queen.

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5'3"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-22-31
HOME STATE: New Mexico
TWITTER: @Nicolle.Snow
WEBSITE: www.nicollesnow.com

I’M VERY PASSIONATE.”
– NICOLLE SNOW

Nicolle Snow

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STRIKING A CHORD

SHE was in my arms, this beautiful woman, as music pounded in the night. My senses were insanely heightened. I distinctly felt a line of sweat between my shoulder blades, sticking my concert T-shirt to my back. I smelled the coconut shampoo perfuming her hair. I thought I somehow heard the chirp of crickets through the din of the band as they played what was probably going to be their final encore.

But mostly I was keenly aware of the hot thrill working within me, and the answering excitement from this female body writhing against mine.

My mouth was still tingling. She'd just broken our slavering, tongue-dancing kiss. In the dimness behind the concession tent, I saw her eyes glimmer. Her breasts, straining against a similar T-shirt of her own, pushed against my chest. Her crotch pressed my groin, where my cock had swelled mightily in my jeans.

She gasped, "We've got until the end of this song."

I didn't know why this limitation was in force, but I wasn't going to waste time questioning it. She'd laid down the rules: till the end of the song.

OK, let's make the most of it.

Our lips mashed hungrily together again. Her arms went around me, and she groped my ass, pulling me tighter against her. At the same time, she ground herself on my hard-on. Emboldened—and shuddering with pleasure—I brought a hand to her tit. She wore no bra, and her erect nipple stuck out proudly beneath the thin fabric. I squeezed her breast, and she moaned into my mouth.

This had all happened so fast. I'd been watching the band for the past hour. They were slaying it, grinding out high-octane rock. We were at a weekend-long outdoor music festival with multiple stages.

I'd seen her grooving in the crowd, dancing alone with her head bobbing and her body swaying. I was instantly struck with lust. She must have sensed me watching her because she turned, looked right at me and grinned. Damn, she was pretty! I took a tentative step toward her, but she shook her head and nodded toward the back of the crowd. I followed her as she moved in that direction. I wondered if she was at the event with someone.

When she reached a clear patch of ground, she sized me up. I liked the feel of her gaze on me. But I liked it even better when she smiled with approval, took my hand and led me around behind the concession tent. There were no introductions, no words at all, in fact—not until she'd said the thing about the end of the song. With that, we were making out and groping one another like crazy.

I pushed up her T-shirt and caressed her bare tits. She undid my jeans and, without ceremony, pulled out my straining cock. I bit down a groan, even though no one would probably hear me over the thunder of the band's finale. I hoped to hell they played the long version of this song.

She immediately started pumping my shaft. Following suit, I reached down and raked up her skirt. I yanked aside her panties and slipped two fingers into her already streaming pussy. She bucked and jerked me harder and faster.

The song reached its shrieking bridge; I knew there wasn't much time left. I pulled my fingers free and worked her swollen clit. My balls ached as she jacked my cock. My jeans were halfway down my legs. Her juices were streaming over my fingers.

There was strange erotic beauty in the anonymity of our hookup. She was a nameless object of my lust, and I was the same to her. There we were, without any preliminaries, without any chance to trip each other up with social miscues. Instead, we'd cut right to it, to our mutual sexual gratification.

And that gratification was about to reach its climax. I felt myself being borne past the point of no return, while her body thrashed wildly. Beyond the tent, the band was gearing up for its grand finale.

She cried out with orgasmic ecstasy, just as my jizz started flying. It spurted out in eruptions of pure pleasure, every spew like a grand triumph of physical bliss.

"Thank you, good night!" the lead singer howled into the mic as the clamor of the music finally ended.

She stepped back, tugging down her skirt, and I fumbled with my jeans. My spunk had striped the back of her hand. She raised it to her mouth and locked eyes with me as she licked up the goo. A fresh wave of desire seized me, but it was too late. The song was done. She turned and scampered away, while I was still zipping up.

I scanned the grounds but couldn't find her again. The experience had been wonderful, but I wanted more. I wanted at least to know her name. Maybe the anonymous thing wasn't so great, after all. Or maybe the connection we'd made called for some follow-up.

But she was gone.

The next day I checked out of my motel and drove back to the concert grounds, feeling listless. The remnants of the festival didn't cheer me up. All the headliners had already played. It was Sunday and just the secondary acts were onstage. People sprawled on blankets, listening half-heartedly, like they'd partied too hard the previous day and just wanted to lie in the warm noonday sun, which held the promise of spring.

I didn't see the woman I was hoping to find. Eventually, I decided to leave. It was going to be a long drive back to the city.

In the thinned-out parking lot, I came to a sudden halt. Someone was leaning against the front of my car with her arms crossed and her head at a tilt. She was looking my way, as if she'd been waiting for me.

My mystery woman.

I checked my impulse to rush toward her. I had the strange feeling she might fly away like a startled bird. Approaching slowly, I offered a friendly smile, which she returned.

"How'd you know this was my car?" I asked.

Really, though, I wanted to firmly establish that she was waiting for me, that this wasn't some crazy random mistake.

"I saw you leave last night," she said. "I memorized your license plate."

"That raises a few more questions," I said, keeping my tone light. I still felt she might take flight, and I didn't want that to happen.

She grinned, and it made her already pretty face prettier by several degrees.

She replied, "I work security here. Last night, I slipped off my lanyard badge and snuck out into the crowd. Wanted to see that band. I'm off duty now."

Looking for something witty to say, I blurted out, "Well, I'm sorry I interrupted your viewing."

I immediately wanted to kick myself.

"Are you?" she asked impishly.

This time, I said the right thing: "Not sorry one damn bit."

"Me neither."

So that quick sex act behind the tent really had happened, and we were both acknowledging it. Good. Great. Because I wanted more.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Daphne. You?"

"Dash." There, introductions at last.

"Dash. I love it." Her eyes sparkled in the sun. "Come here, Dash. Kiss me."

I stepped up, and we kissed. It wasn't like the night before. It didn't have to be. But it wasn't a safe, chaste kiss, either. Her lips moved against mine, and I felt the heat rising off her body. She was dressed in cutoffs and a vest, and her body was lovely.

When the kiss broke, she softly asked, "Want to come back to my place?" I nodded emphatically, and we got into my car. I followed her directions, and we pulled up to a cottage. She took me inside. It was a cozy place, with fun decor.

But excitement was simmering hotly in me. The previous night's memories were vivid in my head—along with the longing that had followed, the deep desire for more from this woman. From Daphne.

"So." She faced me. "Coffee, tea, or...?" She dangled the last part like a lyric I should know. When she saw my baffled look, she tittered. But there was nothing mean in it. "It's an old line. Not even sure what it's from. It goes: Coffee, tea or me?"

Easy answer. "You."

"Good." She took my hand, and we went into the next room, which was her bedroom. She undid the vest and shrugged it off. I caught my breath. Her breasts were gorgeous—firm and high, tipped with succulent pink nipples. She must have read my expression as encouragement because she kicked off her shoes and dropped the cutoffs and her panties. And there she stood, gloriously naked and exuding an undeniably confident sexuality.

"My climax struck. I let my jizz go a second time, and it was fantastically intense."

After a pause, she added, "Unless you'd really prefer coffee or tea?"

Her words snapped me into action. I quickly stripped, and my erect cock sprang straight out. Little bursts of energy seemed to crackle all across my skin. I remembered her hand on my rod. But now we would have time and space for anything we'd like to do.

Daphne stepped toward me, and I met her. We seemed to flow together, arms going around each other smoothly. Our lips touched, a similar smooch to the one we'd shared in the parking lot. But then our kiss deepened, and our passion showed through. Our tongues came together and did a slow dance.

My cock was pressed against her abdomen, but I wasn't self-conscious. My state of arousal was as it should be. Daphne inflamed my senses. Even if we'd only had our very brief encounter, I still would've remembered her for a long time to come. As it stood, I assumed she'd leave a permanent impression in my memory.

Her hands glided along my body, up my back to my shoulders. She gave me gentle squeezes, and I touched her as well. Her skin had a silky quality, and I couldn't get enough of her.

Her face was flushed when our kiss broke. She was breathing hard enough to jiggle her tits. She towed me by the hand to her bed and up onto it. We lay down facing one another, and there was heat and a seductive aroma coming off her body. It was the sweet scent of her arousal. I wanted to seriously breathe that in and taste its source.

But for the moment, we caressed and explored one another. I stroked her breasts and played with her erect nipples. She reached around me to grope my ass, making sounds of approval. Our shared excitement seemed to skyrocket. We kissed again, our tongues tangling greedily.

Together, we each reached for the other—her hand wrapping around my cock, my fingertips spreading her slick pussy lips. She shivered, and I sucked in air through my teeth. Immediate pleasure pulsed through my body; she had a knowing touch. The night before, she'd jerked me off in record time. But for our encore, she didn't hurry. However, her grasp was still firm, her movements assured.

Her damp groove enticed me, and I slipped a finger into her depths. Her lithe body undulated on the mattress, reminding me of her grooving dance moves from when I'd first spotted her in the crowd at the concert. I delved deeper, exploring her wetness.

She pulled on my shaft. Her thumb smeared a dribble of pre-come over my cockhead, and I bucked in a way that was almost beyond my control. Grinning, she brought the thumb up to her mouth and sucked it clean.

"Mmm, I remember how good you taste. I want more," she said breathlessly.

She scrambled down my body, my digit

popping free of her pussy. She shouldered her way between my thighs. Her hand closed over my balls as her head moved into place, then her open mouth dropped onto my knob.

I gasped as her tongue caressed my crown, even as the ring of her lips descended my staff. She still wasn't hurrying, but neither was she wasting time. She sucked me right down to my nutsac, which she still gently cradled in her hand.

I'd had good, well-meaning mouths on my cock before. I'd been sucked by some very orally talented women. But Daphne brought a gusto to the act I couldn't match in my memory. She fell into a forceful tempo as her head bobbed. Her mouth didn't let me go as she delivered some expert suction. With every downward plunge, my cockhead violated her throat. It felt incredible.

As pleasure overtook me, I felt adrift on the bed. But Daphne soon kicked her blowjob into a higher gear. Her slurping mouth worked me intensely. Before I could rein myself in, I was just about at the brink. I warned her, "I'm about to come!"

But she didn't seem care, and she didn't stop. Thick jets of my spunk let loose, every spurt a crescendo of joy—not unlike the previous night's band bringing their song to its climax. Daphne kept her mouth on me, and I swear I heard her swallowing.

Seconds later, she was leaning over me as I lay dazed. A drop of my cream glistened at the corner of her mouth. She said, "I have faith you can go a second time. Meanwhile, I'd like my pussy licked, please."

You can't say no to good manners. I threw off my lethargy as she reclined with her legs spread. I hunkered into position to admire her gleaming pussy. I inhaled her enticing scent and eagerly swiped my tongue along her groove. She squealed and squirmed with delight.

I settled in to eat her properly. I gave her a good, deep lick, getting a fine sample of her flavor. I plunged in deeper. Like a moth to flame, I went for her clit, which looked swollen and needy. I caressed her nub, playfully batting it. Her responses told me everything I needed to know. As I worked her harder, her hips jerked. Her fingers clawed at the bedcovers on either side of her. A cry rose in her throat, the sound climbing in pitch.

When she came, her juices truly flowed. Like she'd done for me—because I was a good sport, and because I wanted to do it—I kept my mouth glued to her. Her honey flowed across my tongue, and I eagerly swallowed every drop.

I sat up with my chin wet and my mouth tingling. She looked at me dreamily, her gaze dropping swiftly from my face.

"Well, looks like that second time is ready to happen," she quipped.

My stiff cock was indeed jutting out proudly.

She levered herself up and pushed me gently onto my back. She wanted to be on top, and that was fine with me. I lay back and watched as this beautiful woman climbed onto me. It still seemed improbable that all of this was occurring, that our fast, minimal encounter behind a concession tent had morphed into this glorious full-on sexcapade.

As she fitted my cockhead into her pussy, the previous night's music entered my mind. I imagined that I heard the raucous jangling chords, the whining feedback, but it was softer somehow. It seemed to echo across a crystalline lake in my memory as she lowered herself onto my pole.

Pleasure took hold of her, a visible force of rising ecstasy. Her tits heaved, the nipples still pink and stiff. She ground down on me, taking me deep inside her cunt. I felt the firm clasp of her pussy walls hugging my shaft. My balls stirred, craving their impending eruptive bliss.

She settled her knees, planted a palm flat on my chest and set off riding me. She moved with grace and confidence. I was what she wanted, and she was having me. I gripped her hips and thrust upward to meet her every downstroke.

The bed rocked beneath us. In my head, the music continued to play. I knew that whenever I heard that song in the future, it would be accompanied by my exquisite memories of Daphne.

We were locked together, cock to cunt, securing this moment for ourselves alone. She rode me harder, rhythmically lifting her body and slamming it down. Her mouth hung open, a mouth I'd unloaded my come into moments earlier. For a few seconds it seemed her breath froze, then it burst out in a cry. It was an orgasmic shout. Her pussy tightened around my staff. I didn't come with her, but I felt the energy radiating powerfully from her.

When her body started to go limp, I caught her, and without withdrawing from her, I maneuvered her onto her back. Once I was atop her, I wasted no time. My own fresh excitement was building to a fever pitch.

I made sure she was back in this world, then I started stroking into her in earnest. I quickly picked up speed. Our bodies smacked loudly together, and I slammed into her pussy. I was moving in a blur. Sexual adrenaline drove me wildly onward. I fucked her crazily. A raw sound began deep in my throat as my cock plowed her depths.

Music roared in my head. I was the thunder of those guitar chords, the pounding drums, the thumping bass.

My climax struck. I let my jizz go a second time, and it was fantastically intense. I shot out jet after jet, and as I did, I saw Daphne writhing madly.

Yes, come with me. Come, even if I can't hear you over the music.

Then we were done. There were some tender moments as we basked in the afterglow, but I knew I should get out of there. I still had a long drive home. Daphne had her own life, too. At any rate, she made no mention of us seeing one another again, though when we parted at her door, her kiss was warm and wonderful.

I drove off, but the music lingered in my mind—as did images of delightful Daphne.

—D. McCormick

Have you had a hot hookup with a sexy stranger? Why not share the torrid tale with your fellow readers? Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

A GAMER GAL MAKES A PLAY—AND WINS THE LAY OF A LIFETIME

BIG SCORE

I HAD devoted a certain portion of my life to gaming. I wasn't wasting my time. I was in training, learning my craft, and getting better and better. Why? Because I knew about the corporate competitions out there, where winners got serious cash rewards.

I worked part-time and lived in a one-bedroom apartment, but these were accommodations to my gaming life. I practiced hours every day, playing against people all over the globe. Online is its own universe, and virtually, I'd met wonderful, enriching folks.

But this year, things had gotten serious for me. I had entered a monthlong competition, one with graduating tiers of play. The competitiveness was fierce, and I'd already gone up against very talented players. But I knew this particular game inside out and was advancing.

I kept myself up physically by going out running every day before dawn. I also got my reasonable share of pussy. But I didn't have time for a girlfriend.

When the tournament was in its advanced rounds, I got my first look at fellow competitor Molly. I'd beaten dozens and dozens of players. People following the big game wanted to know about the finalists. My social media blew up. It was weird knowing strangers were studying me. Being a gamer myself, I was curious about my rivals. Molly was a hotshot player. Her profile picture showed a very pretty face, with a sassy expression and soulful eyes. It wasn't love at first sight, but definitely lust. I reminded myself she was one of my opponents.

A week later, the games got even more intense. I went up against players who were like ninjas with lightning-quick reflexes and brains that could strategize on a dime. I pushed myself to my extremes and somehow got through.

After a grueling session, I slumped limply in my ergonomic chair. I saw I had a video message and absentmindedly clicked on it, thinking it was a notice about my next round from the company putting on the tournament.

When I saw what was in the message, my drooping eyelids sprang wide and my cock unwound urgently in my jeans. It was Molly. She was grinning lasciviously into the camera and dancing like a stripper. Only not like—she was actually taking her clothes off!

> **"I sank every inch of my rod into her lush passage, which clasped me sweetly."**

She tossed off her top, shimmied out of a skirt and wiggled around in her lacy underthings. I was sitting up straight, and my cock was ramrod-hard—so much so that I had to yank it out. Molly waggled her tongue. Man, could she move. All those sexy undulations and gyrations got me going. Her body was gorgeous. She reached around behind her back, presumably to unhook her skimpy bra. She leaned toward the camera as she did so, and the brassiere was sliding off her hefty tits as she said, "Good luck!"

Then the message ended. With my cock in hand, I helplessly jerked off. Those dancing images stayed with me. Had she sent the message as sabotage, as a distraction, as a prank, as a video love letter? I didn't know.

The final rounds came. The gaming corporation sponsoring all this was of course getting a lot of attention out of the contest, which was good for business. So much so that they were willing to fly the last half dozen of us—including me and Molly—to a major U.S. city, where we would compete in the finale.

It was an overwhelming experience. The final players got trotted out onstage before a cheering crowd. I felt a little like a rock star, but it was all too much.

I retreated to my hotel room as quickly as possible, suffering from sensory overload. My head was spinning. This was way different from playing in my apartment, and I wondered how all the fanfare might affect my performance the next day.

As I was lost in thought, there came a knock on my door. Reluctantly, I answered. That feeling of caution vanished when I saw Molly standing there. She wore her customary grin and a long coat.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

Wordlessly, I stepped aside. My eyes were riveted to her. Downstairs, I hadn't had a chance to ask about that striptease video she'd sent. Before I could, she whipped off her coat. She wore those same lacy underthings, and my jaw hit the floor.

This time Molly smiled—but not a wicked grin. It was a nice, sweet smile. Softly she said, "It's been a stressful ride, hasn't it? Part of me is a crazy competitor. But another part just wanted to find some human connection at the end of all this madness."

"A connection?" I murmured as my gaze still traveled along her scantily clad figure, which was even more desirable in the actual flesh.

She stepped up to me and said, "Yes. Look, this might sound stupid, but I sort of fell in lust with you online.”

Actually, it didn’t sound stupid at all. But I couldn’t find the words to respond, so I leaned forward, and Molly put her lips gently against mine. Considering I was kissing a woman in see-through underwear, it was a remarkably tender and docile smooch.

But heat rapidly rose in me, and fire flashed in her eyes. Mutual lust crackled between us as our kiss deepened. Her tongue thrust against mine. I pulled her into my arms, and she ground herself against me.

My hands roamed over the bare parts of her. Her silken skin further inflamed my passion. She was shamelessly kneading the globes of my ass and rubbing her crotch on my increasingly obvious bulge. By that point, I practically had my tongue down her throat and felt bold enough to put my hand on her breast.

Molly broke away and stepped back, and for an awful second, I wondered if this was all some sort of sick joke. She reached behind herself, but this time when she undid her bra, it fell off her. I beheld her delectable tits. With another swift move, she snapped her sheer panties down her legs.

Naked Molly was breathtaking, but she didn’t leave me much time to ogle. She tugged insistently at my clothes. I got the hint and stripped. Immediately, her hand was wrapped around my jutting cock. I gasped with pleasure as she pumped my veiny shaft.

We weren’t far from the bed. We rushed there anyway, not wanting to waste a second. We dove onto the big expanse, and she was in my arms again. Our bodies rolled together across the soft bedding. Every point of contact between us seemed to emanate a carnal spark.

I pulled her on top of me, so her tits were in my face. I set about sucking her stiff nipples and groping her plush ass. Molly writhed excitedly, rubbing the bare cleft of her pussy against my hard abs.

After a minute of suckling, Molly climbed further up my body. Her knees settled on either side of my head. I gazed up expectantly as her shaved pussy hovered above my face. I seized her hips, but she was already lowering herself onto my lips.

I speared her pussy with my tongue, and her body quivered. I ate her hard, groaning when she mashed her pussy forcefully on my face. I gripped her undulating hips. She dropped forward, resting her weight on her hands, and humped my face, smearing her juices over my lips and chin.

Before long, she bucked and came with a moan of joy. When she rolled off me, I relaxed a moment. But she scurried back down the bed, and I had the first hint of what she was up to when her hot breath grazed my swollen cockhead. Seconds later, her lips closed around my knob, and her tongue flicked against my crown, causing bliss to whip through me.

> **“I boned her harder and faster, and a wicked climax was churning in my balls.”**

The cinching ring of her lips slid down my cock. She sucked me down to my balls in one fearless lunge. Pleasure walloped me, and her spit ran down over my nutsac.

Without pausing for ceremony, she repeatedly lifted and dropped her head. Just like when she’d jerked me earlier, she knew the perfect rhythm. Her tongue moved all the while, and she kept up a fine suction. She bobbed away, and I was struck by the wonderfulness of it all. It was like I’d come to that city in pursuit of her, not the game. But my fantasies had never gotten this far!

She came off my cock with her lips wet and open and her eyes glazed with desire. She moved to climb onto me again, but I sat up, grasped her shoulder and eased her onto her back. She lay down and spread her legs.

I loomed over her, my cock aching with desire. She impatiently pushed up her hips, and I thrust into her. I sank every inch of my rod into her lush passage, which clasped me sweetly.

I started stroking into her steadily. She moved cooperatively beneath me. Her thighs hugged my hips, and her arms wrapped around my neck. Her tits bounced as our bodies bucked.

I boned her harder and faster, and a wicked climax was churning in my balls. I was nailing her to the bed with every downstroke. Once again, she was wriggling and thrashing. I’d driven her to another climax. I wasn’t near enough for my own to overcome me just yet, so I waited her out.

When Molly had calmed slightly, she gazed up at me with blazing eyes.

“Let me up. I want you to do me doggy-style!” she announced.

Eagerly, I helped her over onto her hands and knees, then raced into position behind her. I laid my hands on the gorgeous spheres of her ass, slotting my cock back inside her.

As instructed, I dog-fucked her like crazy. It started out at a trot, then I really came off the leash. My fingers sank into her assflesh. I pounded her from behind. Soon I was in full sprint, knowing I would come in a few more thrusts. I nearly howled, and Molly took it as a signal. She snuck in another wily climax of her own, just as my spunk started to fly.

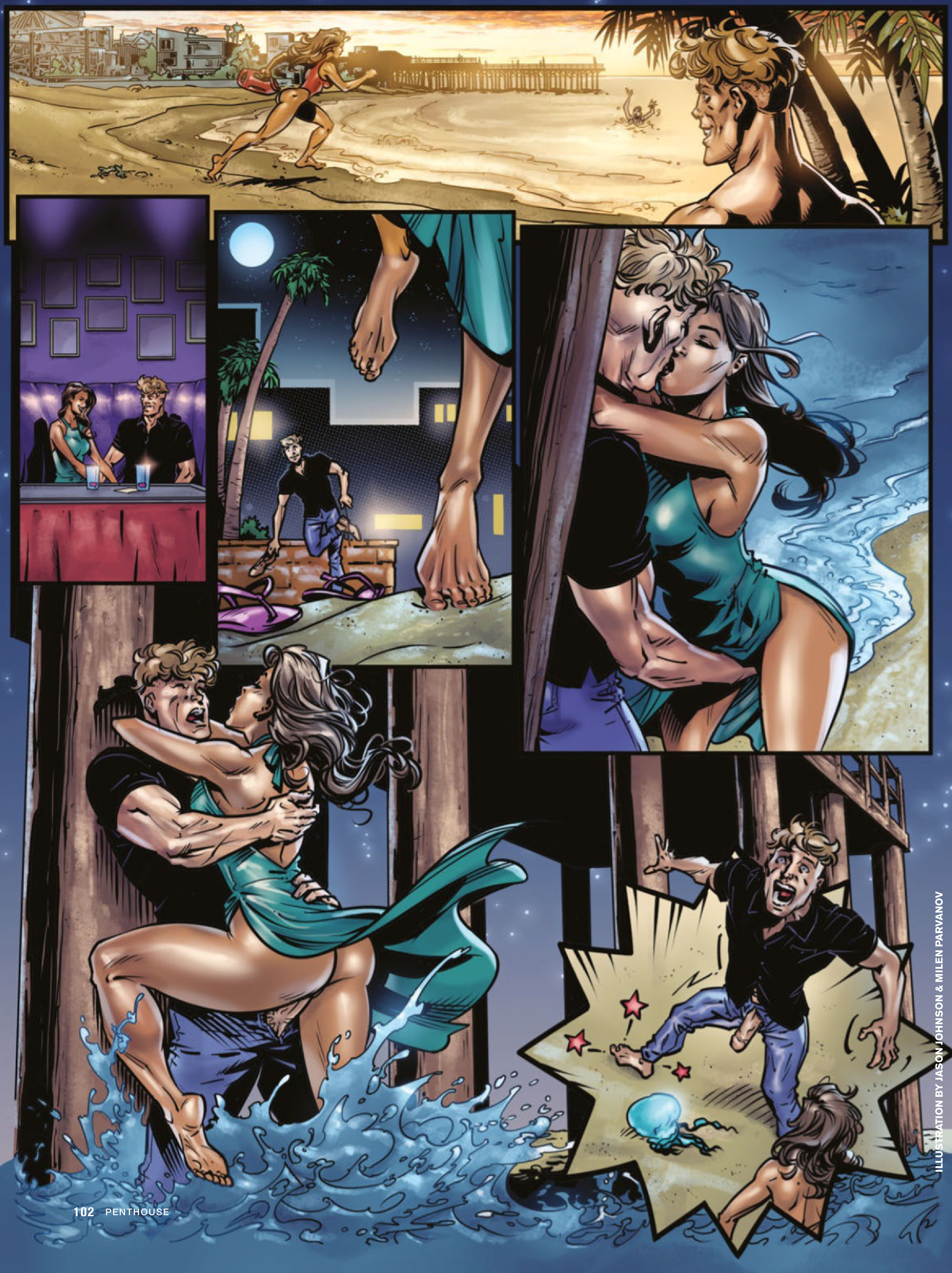
I shot spurt after spurt into her, and the ecstasy swept me into the heavens. She went with me. The chase was over, and we were together in victory.

Who got the big score the next day? Who won?

Who really cares. We were both already winners.

—Name and address withheld

The encounter you’ve always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you’ve jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

SHORE LOSER

HANGING out at the beach is one of my favorite things about attending college in Florida. My hometown did have a decent-sized swimming hole, but it couldn't compete with the Atlantic Ocean.

Shortly after I moved to the Sunshine State, Becky caught my eye. She was trim but still had an ample rack that perfectly filled out her red swimsuit. She was a lifeguard, and my eyes were instantly drawn to her as she sprinted across the sand to help a swimmer in distress. In my mind's eye, she trotted like a slo-mo *Baywatch* babe. Her nut-brown skin glistened in the sun, and her brunette ponytail swung from side to side. Of course, she saved the day, but I was a goner. I hadn't even spoken to her yet, and I'd fallen for her—hook, line and sinker.

About 20 minutes later, another lifeguard came to relieve Becky. I assumed it was the end of her shift, so I chased after her. When I caught up with her, I offered a compliment about her quick reflexes. She stopped in her tracks and smirked as she said, "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Her flirty manner made my dick spring to life in my shorts. I cleared my throat and asked her out, and she suggested we meet up that night. We had a great dinner at a cool restaurant overlooking the water. My mermaid wore an aqua blue maxi dress and strappy sandals, which she slipped off for our walk on the beach under the stars. The area was pretty deserted, which I was happy about because I was hoping to get my hands on her.

Becky seemed to have the same idea. With a sexy smile, she led me toward the pier. I toed off my sneakers, leaving them on the dry sand near where she'd dropped her shoes. The waves were crashing against the shore. As the foaming surf swirled around our feet, she pushed me up against a pillar.

There was a full moon that night, and its glow illuminated Becky in silvery light. She kissed me passionately and tangled her tongue with mine. As we made out, her lithe body ground against me. Her plush tits crushed against my chest, and my hips pumped forward to push my ballooning cock against her pelvis. She raised one of her long legs and swept her dress out of the way. I grabbed her ass and was surprised to find her butt was bare. As we continued to kiss, I reached for her snatch from behind. She was dripping wet. I ran my fingertips through her streaming juices and honed in on her clit. It was swollen and begging for my touch. I pressed against her nub, rubbing tight circles against it. At first I worried I was being too rough, but her incessant moans told me I was on the right track. I muffled her passionate cries with my kisses, while diddling her until she broke our lip-lock and came with a shout.

Becky was still shivering from her climactic release as she wormed her hand between our bodies to lower my zipper. She pulled my prick from my cargo shorts and aimed it at her pussy hole. She snapped her hips forward and up, matching my thrust, and my rod rammed home. I was balls-deep in her syrupy honeypot. Her velvety snatch felt so good; I didn't care if she was smearing her cunt juice all over my fly. We continued to fuck standing up as the waves smashed into the pillar and the whitecaps splashed our legs with seawater.

Normally, I would have been too skittish to fuck outdoors. But something about Becky made me throw caution to the wind. We could have had cops barking at us over a megaphone, but I would have been unable to stop screwing her. However, fate has a funny ways of laughing at us mere mortals.

I was rapidly racing toward what promised to be a colossal climax when I felt a stinging pain in my foot. It rapidly increased in intensity. I pushed Becky away with a howl. She looked confused until I grabbed my foot and started swearing. I was hopping around on one leg with my dick sticking out of my unzipped fly. I'm sure I looked ridiculous, but she wasn't laughing.

"That's a jellyfish sting," she said, squinting at my foot. "Ever had one before?"

I shook my head. She helped me shove my deflated dick back into my shorts and brought me to the lifeguard ground station. Fortunately, she had the keys and was able to tend to me with their first aid equipment.

For our next date, I'm steering clear of the water. The only thing I want wet is Becky!

—G.D., via email

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JORDAN WEST

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Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

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